

I'll say this about Jim Hood: You'll never worry about him getting tested for taking performance-enhancing drugs. With all the billions of dollars they spend on research and development, pharmaceutical companies have been unable to find a drug with such a benefit.

Jim Hood is walkin', talkin' confirmation of just how much we needed tort reform. Now it's time to rein in the Attorney General's practice of paying his favorite trial lawyer friends and campaign contributors millions of dollars in fees for legal work that could best be done by his own office.

In this job, I don't get to watch much television. But I'm told there are shows like "Last Comic Standing," "Fear Factor," and "Treasure Hunters." I said to Marsha this morning, those aren't network television shows – that's a description of yesterday's line up of speakers here at the Fair.

For a while, though, I did think "Survivor" was a documentary on life in South Mississippi after Katrina.

Charles V, King of Spain and Holy Roman Emperor, is reported to have said, "I speak Spanish to God, Italian to women, French to men and German to my horse." He might have been an educated man but he never went to Philadelphia, Sebastopol or Edinburg, or Coldwater or Hot Coffee, and he wouldn't know Star from Pinola. Here in Mississippi, some of us like to speak plain English.

I grew up thinking "health food" was anything eaten before the expiration date.

I liked to think of a balanced diet as ... a cookie in each hand.

Every time he looks in the mirror, he takes a bow.

He's so conceited he's had his x-rays retouched.

He thinks it's a halo, but it's only a swelled head.

He's a real big gun – of small caliber and immense bore.

He doesn't want anyone to make a fuss over him – just to treat him as they would any other great man.

If he had his life to live over again, he would still fall in love with himself.

His egotism is a plain case of mistaken non-entity.

He's so big-headed he can't get an aspirin to fit him.

His egotism is nature's compensation for his mediocrity.

He's all wrapped up in himself, but he makes a pretty small package.

He thinks he can push himself forward by patting himself on the back.

One of these days he'll learn it's only 18 inches between a pat on the back  
and a kick in the pants.

He'd have to climb Mount Everest to reach a deep thought.